

THE NEW PLAY

"The Great Question"

Won't Keep Us Guessing Long.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

"THIS is not a play, it's life," observed the explanatory hero at the Majestic Theatre last night after "The Great Question" had defied solution for two or three acts.

"Hear! hear!" murmured, almost inaudible, while the hero was on his way to the commot, but once he had passed it and paused to remark "It's life," you changed your time to "No, not on your life!" Frederick Paulding's four-act invention was true to life only on "the road," life as it is seen "at the opera-house to-night," with hand-made sentiment and tailor-made clothes and false heroics that thrive in the heat of the footlights.

"The Great Question" was just a sad reminder of a dead, theatrical past, merely a dancing skeleton of what used to amuse some of us fifty years ago, and what, we hate to believe, is still indulged on the helpless and long-suffering "road." Wonder was expressed that such a play should be given in New York, but the greatest wonder is that such a play should be given at all. "The Great Question" won't keep us guessing long, for it has neither truth, beauty, nor a real thrill as an excuse of being. But why is "the road" still punished for its uselessness—why do these things still exist in a land where the pen is free to write what it thinks? One question at a time, and answers thankfully follow.

The great question with the Majestic Theatre is to get an "attraction" that will attract. It may find a profitable answer by going back to extravaganzas, on which its former bright reputation rested. Why keep up the extravagant experiment of second-rate plays that cannot possibly dazzle and delude ordinary intelligence?

An audience with theatrical intelligence, if nothing more, was drawn to the Majestic last night to turn over in its mind the question of the "right of slavery" in the daughter of an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court. She had negro blood in her veins, and yet Miss Jessie Bonstelle made her as blonde as Broadway at the time was "during the first touches of the juvenile performer of the art wore a green hat, and there were touches of red in the millinery of the feminine members of A. L. Wilbur's company. Allie-shah was just beginning to think of her troupe when the villain got busy. He was of the old school, with a long, black coat and a face to match. But, unlike the good old villain that you used to know, he didn't pursue Allie-shah to the bitter end. When he had followed the plot to the turning point, he tore up the dark brown proof of her birth because he had loved her mother, and walked off with only the hatred of her judicial sire to cheer him on his way. As played by Mr. Mark Kent he was so emotional that he was ready to soften his wrath with his tears at a moment's notice.

The play was so long in arriving at the question that you gave up in despair. It seemed to be saving itself for the last act, but, unlike the fighting finish of the play at the Stuyvesant Theatre, it petered out in self-sacrifice. Allie-shah could offer nothing but hope to Philip, and thoughtfully warned him against doing anything that might interfere with his "career." She insisted on being unhappy. She was "trained to high and refined ideas," and she was "a disgraced, nameless girl who longed for death."

But she didn't die. She preferred to sit in the bright and moonlight and look as though she wished she were dead. And when the frelight and the moonlight had died away she promised Philip that some day she would meet him "soul to soul"—however that may be done.

You couldn't feel very sorry for Philip, for Mr. Julius McVicker, a tried hand to suffer in this part, looked so affable and stout that you felt sure a little soul-wracking would be good for him. Miss Bonstelle "acted" to her heart's content and seemed to find particular comfort in the line, "How cold the fire is!" But she was most appealing when she cried, "It's the future reaching out to me!" She doubtless has a "future"—but not in this rock-bound life.

Mr. Frederick Paulding, who wrote the play, used to be an actor. This may explain "The Great Question."

A Benefactor of the Race.
A MAN has invented a contrivance by means of which a woman's waist can be fastened in the back by simply pulling a string. The Husband's Union should send him an engrossed resolution of thanks.—Buffalo Express.

A Revelation of New York Society.
(Copyright, 1907, by Robert W. Chambers.)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.
Capt. Philip Selwyn, of an old New York family, has resigned from the army because his wife, Alice, divorced him. He married Eileen, a cotton leader. Alice still secretly loves him. Ruthven is luring young Gerald Errol to gamble at his house. Selwyn begs Alice to prevent this for the sake of Gerald's sister, Eileen. Eileen is the ward of Selwyn's brother-in-law, Austin Gerard. One evening Alice calls at Selwyn's rooms and a stormy scene ensues. Her husband hears of this and uses his knowledge to coerce Alice into obedience. Selwyn's business partner, Neergard, plans a real estate deal so questionable that Selwyn is driven from the firm. Neergard uses Gerald in an effort to force himself into society. Gerald's devotion becomes notorious. Selwyn tells the Austin country place at Silverdale. He loves him. Selwyn hears that Alice and Ruthven have separated. Nina hints that Alice's mind is affected. Selwyn again proposes to Eileen and she once more refuses him. Together they go to a lawn fete at a neighboring country house.

CHAPTER IX.

(Continued.)

A Novice.

EVERYWHERE the younger set were in evidence, slim, fresh, girlish figures passed and gathered and crowded the stairs and galleries with a flirt and flutter of shimmering skirts, delicate and light as powder-puffs.

Mrs. Sanxon Orrell, a hard, high-colored, light-lipped little woman with electric blue eyes, was receiving with her slim buxom daughter, Gladys. "A tight little elfin," was Austin's favorable comment on the matron, and she looked it, always trim and taut and smooth of surface like a tanned yacht cleared for action.

The Million Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor

SOME GUY LEFT HIS DOPE HERE ON DE BENCH! I'LL JUST TAKE ONE O' DESE!

ILL JUST SEE WHAT THIS HOBBO IS DOING!

MOH! HE'S BEEN TAKING DOPE!

OOH! I HAVE JUST INHERITED TEN MILLION DOLLARS! I WAS ALSO ELECTED PRESIDENT JUST NOW!

CEE! LISTEN TO THAT!

I AM NOW PLOUGHING DE BLUE ADRIATIC ON ME NEW MILLION DOLLAR YACHT! FASTER, CAPTAIN ER I'LL FIRE YOUSE!

DE KING SAYS "WELCOME TO OUR CITY!"

CEE! I AM GETTING JEALOUS!

DE KING SAYS WOULD I CARE TO BE KNIGHTED!

WOT'S THE USE OF HAVING MONEY WHEN YOU GET ALL THAT FOR A DIME!

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The Art of Getting

By Lilian Fell

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

FROM the man who cracks your safe without waking you up! So is the footpad who sandwiches you and gets away with your purse, but do you "admire" his cleverness?

But the thief that at bottom the whole ideal is a deception. Something is never given for nothing. You pay and often pay bitterly for your so-called admiration. Do you suppose the admiration of the unthinking is sweet to the robber barons? No. They pay in their unsatisfied yearning for the respect of the few who despise them in spite of their money.

In spite of their money! Could you enjoy sharing the booty of a burglar? Wouldn't you consider money "tainted" which had come from the sale of melted up bracelets and rings and babies' lockets—even though it brought millions and you were invited to live at ease on the proceeds?

What is the difference? None, ethically. Much, legally. Most in the loose way you look at it.

The woman who "shops" when she is in need of nothing pays in fatigue and chagrin for her "something for nothing." The man who earns a dollar in a manner which will not bear the searchlight of honest opinion pays in subtle and flamboyant ways for his crimes long after he is dead. He pays in the contempt of the upright. His children pay in cruel words which no one dare utter to their parents. His servants despise him, knowing as they obsequiously stand behind his chair that they are more honest than he.

If his son goes to the dogs and his daughter is married for her money and abused for her father's reputation, is he paying or not?

He who in life made his billion getting something for nothing often goes to his grave with his family's unhappiness at its depth, knowing that the payment is being exacted by the income tax of cause and effect, which will operate until the worst of the uttermost farthing has been settled.

So, after all, is it really "nothing" which is paid for the "something" which was got?

THE TROUBLE WITH US AS A NATION is that some of our most cherished national characteristics are based on false admirations and inverted ideas.

For example, take a straw vote of any one hundred men and women as to whether they do or do not admire the robber barons of the Coal Trust, the Ice Trust, the Steel Trust, the Oil Trust, or any of the railroad or bank mergers which have wrecked institutions, spread ruin and disaster among the many in their wake that the purses of the few might be fattened, and you will find a majority voting "yes."

How many times I have heard it! So-and-so is indicted by the Grand Jury for palatable and flagrant robbery. He gets off by reason of the millions he has stolen from the people. And at the dinner table that night you will hear, "Well, he got off, just as I knew he would. But I am glad of it, for, after all, I rather admire the man! He must have been clever to have made so much money!"

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Betty Vincent Gives Advice On Courtship And Marriage

Keeping Company.

I AM twenty-three and like a girl friend of mine very much. I have taken her to places of amusement, have called on her several times, but am not what you would call keeping company with her. Would it be proper for me to ask her to keep company with me? I know she likes me from what she has told my friends and I am making enough salary to support a wife provided I can get the right girl.

C. M. C.

It is perfectly proper for you to ask the young lady to keep company, as you seem to know her quite well and are pretty sure that she likes you.

Hope to Meet Her.

DEAR BETTY: A few weeks ago I had a little joke with a party of excursionists and a young man who was seated in front of us and who was a stranger asked my lady friend a question in regard to the joke. We met this young man while on a trolley car a few days ago and he came over to us and held a little conversation and when through shook hands with my lady friend and told her that he hoped to meet her again. It seems to me it was a little flirtation on his part toward my lady friend, do you not think so?

W. H. B.

Paris is wild with enthusiasm over the satin gilet. A gilet, you know, is a little vest. One of the smartest of these imported small garments, and one which American women are sure to like, is made of black satin bands shaped to the figure, and each finished to a point. This gilet is single-breasted, and buttons in the front. Combined with the satin is a band of Persian embroidery forming the top. This is a peculiarly French touch, and is sure to be much the vogue. The contrast of the beautiful Persian colors with the shining black satin is most effective, and one of those little things which the French make so important. Such a vest as this will prove most serviceable to the woman with a limited wardrobe. It will give a new look to a last year's suit, and an attractive look, too.

A vest of this sort is generally worn with cutaway coat, but I suggest that it be made so that it can take the place of an overblouse, and be worn with a gilet of net.

The Smart Little Satin Gilet.

By Grace Margaret Gould.

"I NEEDED it is to be a satin season," says Grace Margaret Gould in Woman's Home Companion. "Not the satin of our grandmothers, so stiff and heavy, but a light, soft, supple material, with a wonderful lustre of its own, which adapts itself marvelously to the new clinging type of gown."

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A Lonely Young Man.

DEAR BETTY: I AM twenty-eight, hardworking, steady and ambitious, earning a fair salary and have no bad habits. I do not drink intoxicating liquors. I keep good hours and enjoy an excellent reputation. But with all that I am lonely. I am retiring and do not care for dancing academies. I wish to meet some nice, natural girls who are refined and would like my friendship. Can you suggest to me how I can relieve my loneliness?

SINCERE.

There is no reason why a young man of your good qualities should be friendless. If you join a church, and tell the pastor of your lonely condition, he will be glad to introduce you to the nice girls of his congregation. There are numerous settlement and literary clubs in the city which you could join and there meet the type of girl who would appreciate your friendship.

Blouse or Shirt Waist. Pattern No. 6091.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MAN FASHION BUREAU, No. 132 East Twenty-third street, New York. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

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May Manton's Daily Fashions.

SIMPLE blouses

style are those which are first in demand at any change of seasons. This model can with propriety be made from any waisting material, the washable ones, such as madras, linen and the like, from pongee, taffeta, flannel and also the lightest and thinner wool fabrics. The buttons make an ornamental feature and give distinction to the garment, and the tucks over the shoulders give the required drooping effect. Either rolled over or plain cuffs can be used.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 2 1/2 yards 34, 2 1/2 yards 32 or 34, and 4 inches wide, with 2 1/2 yards of banding.

Pattern No. 6091 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

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